

BODY AND SOUL

At the age of 35, a strange inversion:

Physical wounds no longer heal.
Overextend an elbow, knee, or neck,
and, sure, with or without surgery,
you'll walk, ski, fuck again,
but never without a little discomfort.
You begin to become a walking palimpsest of devolution.

Whereas, with hurt feelings, the opposite is true.
Words that would have got thee to a nunnery at fifteen,
now leave you yawning with forgetfulness
by morning.

If everyone I meet tomorrow tells me I'm an asshole,
(almost everyone today did)
it won't cost me an hour's sleep.

In fact, I'd like to philosophize herewith at greater
length,
but I'm just too goddamn tired.

At last it's true,
the double lie we brazened forth as kids,
that sticks and stones may break our bones
but words will never hurt us.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Someone said that The African Queen
was going to be on,

and someone else said
that they were probably hoping
audiences would think it was
a gay Roots.

Later that day someone asked John Owens,
who had been drinking for 48 hours,
when he was going to go home to bed,

and he said, "Noon,"

and someone said, "Noon tomorrow?"

and he said, "Of course not: Noon Midnight."